

# Ladies' LITERARY OR, Muscovite



## Weekly Repository.

"Requiring, with various taste, things widely different from each other."

### Zaida.... A Romance.

(Continued.)

Muhamed, whose goodness of heart still would not allow him to excite the sorrows of the sultanness Asseki, made, however, often visits on the other side of the straits; and the murmurs of the populace, the whispers of the great, and the instigations of the ulemma (excited by the prince and his associates), having reached his ears, his own security became his pretext, which would be less exposed to danger in the seraglio of Calcedonia. To make this the more plausible, he often called the divan thither, and on such days the vizier was his companion.

It happened on a very serene autumnal evening, that Muhamed, in company of his friend, crossed the straits, to pass the night in the seraglio of Calcedonia, and to transact there business of state early the next morning. They both were still at their evening's repast, when suddenly a wild and anxious noise assailed their ears. Both rose hastily from the table, ran to the windows, and beheld the main building (Zaida's apartments) in flames! The sultan like a flash of lightning, ran thro smook and fire to the apartments of the be-

loved Zaida, but the flames stunned him, and he fell breathless on the floor. Soliman, who had followed him, disdained smook and flames, rushed thro, found Zaida laying on the floor bereft of her senses and almost dead: he snatched her up, and hastened back with the beautiful prize; but at the same moment the ceiling of the anti-chamber, thro the flames of which he had rushed, fell down, and his retreat was barred. Wandering about in despair, he at last found a door, forced it open, and rushing thro the smook, reached a second door leading to a gallery, to which the raging flames had not yet penetrated. With the swiftness of a bird, the beautiful booty in his arms, he ran forward, and found at the end an unoccupied apartment: here he laid the lifeless Zaida upon a sofa, kneeled down by her, and endeavored to awake her by his kisses.

Zaida at last opened her eyes, and—who can describe her surprise? Her first glance fell upon Soliman. With ecstasy she threw herself into his arms, without asking the question how it was possible to find him there, enjoyed the sweet happiness of seeing him again, and syllables only escaped her lips. The first intoxication of passion being over, Soliman collected his senses and began

to reflect on the advantage he might derive from this unexpected accident.

'Let us flee,' he exclaimed, 'the god of love himself offers us his assisting hand. This is the moment of our union, or we shall never see it again.' This was indeed no time for reflection or female affectation. Soliman, without waiting for Zaida's answer, ran with the swiftness of an arrow, to the square of the palace, where still every thing was in confusion. Among the multitude he spied one of his slaves, took hastily the jacket from his body, the cap from his head, took up an old cloak which some one had lost in the tumult, and in an instant was again with Zaida. In a few moments Zaida was converted into a slave, and ready for flight—But whither? Thro the square? That would be risking too much in spite of the tumult. Fortune, however, this time spread its wings over the lovers; a door thro the wainscot discovered to them winding stairs leading to the gardens: the bostangis had in the general confusion left a door open, and in a few minutes Soliman delivered his precious charge into the hands of his most faithful slave, who threw himself, with her, into a fishing-boat, and steered joyfully towards the residence.

All this was the work of one quarter of an hour. Soliman, with his hair dishevelled and his clothes burnt, now returned to the emperor, who had just recovered from his swoon. That part of the building which Zaida had occupied was by this time in ruins, and but a few of the women, among whom was Vulima, could be saved from the flames. Muhamed, with his hands across his breast, raised his eyes to heaven and wept.

The fire was extinguished, and only the flame of despair raged in Muhamed's bosom. He ordered the cinders to be carefully searched; they found a number of bones. The unhappy sultan shed burning tears over those bones, convinced that Zaida, his dear beautiful Zaida had in the flames become a prey, to the most terrible of deaths.

Zaida, meanwhile, swam between a few miserable boards of a fishing-boat towards the coast of Europe. The moon shone bright and favored her flight, and now Aurora began to make its brilliant appearance.

It was midnight when the sultanness Asseki, on the other side of the straits, was informed of the fire. The greatest part of her treasure being deposited in the seraglio of Calcedonia, and the thought of the sultan himself having perhaps met

with some accident, made her rise from her couch and hasten to a gondola. With the kishlar-aga she embarked, and was on her passage to Asia, when the first ray of Phæbus gilded the eastern clouds. They had not proceeded far when, unluckily, the fishing-boat hove in sight. The sultanness rejoiced at the opportunity of hearing something from the opposite shore, ordered to steer towards the boat, and entered into conversation with Soliman's slaves—Zaida's beauty in spite of her endeavors to hide her face, did not escape female attention. 'A charming slave!' she whispered to the aga: 'I am inclined to take him with me: the vizier is too gallant to refuse to me this present. Leave thy companion with me,' she said to the eunuch, 'I will account for him to his master.' Resistance would have been in vain, and Zaida, pale as death, entered the gondola of the sultanness.

'Why tremblest thou?' the sultanness asked in a friendly tone: 'do not tremble; thou wilt soon bless thy destiny. Thy master, the vizier Soliman, may be a good master, yet one likes to exchange manly roughness for female softness....Dost thou not think so? Speak!'

Zaida. A proof of female goodness I have received this moment, by being allowed to speak. But....if I might....

The Sultanness. Thou art stammering....Speak!

The kishlar-aga, who during this time had been standing at the head of the gondola to behold the still rising smok from the opposite seraglio, turned at the moment he heard Zaida's well-known voice, and one glance at her face was enough to instruct him how to act. He, well acquainted with the intrigues of the seraglio, immediately ordered the bye-standers to a distance, took Zaida by the hand, pressed it softly to prepare her for what he was going to do, and addressed the sultanness:

'Image of the rising sun! Daughter of love, and mother of female prudence! This young slave, who is fortunate enough to be numbered with thy servants, is Zaida—the same Zaida, for whose inferior charms the heart of the sultan burns: she knew *whom* she was to be preferred to, acknowledged her unworthiness, and has at every opportunity ordered him back to the sweeter duty of appreciating the charms of the sultanness. To-day, perhaps in the tumult, she withdrew from the persecutions of this exalted and deluded personage: she flies to enjoy her days unobserved and in solitary quietude. Shouldst thou prevent this flight? or not rather promote it?'

The sultanness was prudent enough to see that the fire at Calcedonia had been fortunate for her: it had freed her of a dangerous rival. She assented to the half executed plan; but being ignorant of the connection with the vizier, she thought to favor the fugitive by sending her to one of her villas near Constantinople, of which she was the unlimited mistress. Neither the kishlar-aga nor Zaida ventured to make any objections, the latter was prevented by false shame, and the former by the fear of losing in the eyes of the sultanness, if she should discover that he had taken upon him the dangerous part of a traitor, not for the sake of her repose, but out of friendship to Soliman. The sultanness suspected neither the one nor the other: she embraced Zaida with fervor, gave her another name, and sent her under the protection of a faithful slave to the place of her destination. As soon as they had lost sight of Zaida, she made the aga a present of a beautiful dirk, the hilt of which glittered of diamonds; and then proceeded on her passage.

They found the sultan in a deplorable situation of a man who will admit of no consolation, can shed no relieving tears, and has no feeling but for his grief. One should imagine the arrival of the sultanness would have made him peevish or perplexed; but he had forgot every thing around him; he lay, his eyes rivetted to the ground, and would not pretend to deny that with Zaida he had lost the hopes of his life.

But Soliman was not the less terrified at Mehemet's account of the trick fate had played upon him, when so near the harbor of his wishes: it was, however, a consolation to him that Zaida was no more in the power of the sultan, but under the protection of a rival, whose interest required to keep her from his sight; and he left it to the power of love, that so often among thorns had made him pluck roses, to crown at last his long proved faith.

Soliman at length again departed for Belgrade, to open the Spring campaign. The first battle was bloody; Soliman was every where in the hottest fire; he had received three wounds, but he felt them not; his janissaries were slain by hundreds around him, but he saw them not. The prince of Lorraine had lost an arm, but this German hero also would not leave the field. The Mahometan standards flew high by the winds; the Allah! of the muslemen sounded to the skies. The god of war had al-

ready decreed in favor of the Turks; the traitor Siavus perceived it and trembled. But suddenly the spahis turned their backs towards the enemy; and Siavus triumphed! The Germans regaining their wonted courage, again advanced boldly towards the janissaries, who were now no more supported by the cavalry, and put them into disorder: the Tartars began to flee, the janissaries followed, and in a few minutes the Germans were masters of the field.

After the battle, the janissaries had made to the spahis the bitterest reproaches on account of their cowardly flight; both parties would have come to blows had it not been for the interference of Siavus and Osman-bashaw, who laid the cause of the unhappy result of that day entirely upon the shoulders of the vizier: both spahis and janissaries therefore murmured loud and denied all obedience—Thus far Siavus attained his object. He now put himself at the head of the conspirators, and demanded in their name the arrears of their pay. Soliman gave all he had, but it was not sufficient; he assured them the money was on the road, but they would not believe him. Siavus, with a malicious grin, entered his tent, and demanded, in the name of the army, Muhamed's standards and the imperial seal. The vizier would not deign to answer; he took in one hand the standards, and in the other the imperial seal: thus he appeared before the collected revolvers, with a dignity in his looks equal to the rocks in a storm. *(To be continued.)*

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Modesty, in a woman, is a certain agreeable fear, in all that she enters upon; and in men, it is commonly composed of a right judgment of what it is proper for them to attempt. Hence it is that a discreet man, is always a modest man.

Some men are silent for want of matter, or assurance; and some again are talkative for want of sense.

Those that talk much cannot always talk well; and may oftener incur censure than praise. Few people care to be eclipsed, and a superiority of sense is as ill brooked, as a superiority of beauty or fortune.

Recreation after business is allowable—but he that follows pleasure instead of his business, will in a little time have no business to follow.



[Communication.]

## MARY HOUGHTALING.

MR. LEWIS—I have read with considerable interest, an account of the execution of a woman, named *Mary Houghtaling*, at Hudson, New York, on an alledged crime of poisoning a black child. She was convicted on what is termed presumptive evidence—a species of evidence which should never be allowed, particularly in cases of life and death. In this instance, no circumstantial proofs were adduced; and, altho every effort was used by five reverend gentlemen, who attended her during the period between sentence and execution, she persevered in her assertion of innocence of the crime for which she suffered. She acknowledged, that she had been guilty of immorality; mentioned the number and sexes of her children; and expressed an ardent desire, that the disgraceful exit of their mother should not be imputed to them as a matter of reflection. At the final moment, when the sheriff had addressed her, and performed the last dreadful ceremony of drawing the cap over her face, she audibly exclaimed, "*I die innocent!*"

The editor of the Hudson paper, in his remarks on this singular, and, in that place, unprecedented, occurrence, appears to have lost sight of a certain passage in Scripture, viz: "*Better that ninety-nine guilty should escape, than one innocent person perish.*" He says, "that the crime had become so frequent, that it was absolutely necessary an example should be made, and, as the character of this woman was notorious, she was a proper subject for example." And, was the life of this woman to be sacrificed for the purpose of example? Can it be reasonably supposed, that this unfortunate person would go to her silent grave, with such intrepidity, and with a solemn declaration, that she died innocent of the alledged crime, if it were not the case. I am led more particularly to these remarks, as she fully acknowledged her other faults and crimes; and I cannot be persuaded, that she died with a lie on her lips.

I lately perused an account of a singular occurrence in England. A man was found murdered in a field; beside him lay a pitchfork, which was known to belong to one of his neighbors with whom he had been at variance. Search was made in the man's house: and the clothes, in which, it was proven, he had gone out in the morning, were found concealed in a bed, bloody, and also the

pitchfork of the deceased. These circumstances appeared proof positive as "*Holy Writ*," and he was accordingly committed for trial. He declared his innocence—but was not credited. On his trial the cause was, as usual, referred to the jury, eleven of whom pronounced him guilty, but the foreman obstinately persisted in declaring him innocent, notwithstanding all the apparent evidence of his guilt. After repeated charges from the judge, and several returns into court, and after being literally starved into compliance, a verdict was returned of "*not guilty.*" The judge reprimanded the foreman of the jury in the most severe terms, and even said, that the blood of the murdered man lay at his door. However, on reflection, the judge considered that there must have been some particular reason for such extraordinary perseverance. He sent for the sheriff, and enquired the character of the juror—it was unimpeachable—his conduct thro life was exemplary, both as a christian and a citizen. Still the affair was incomprehensible. He sent for the man; and, after considerable conversation on the subject, on a solemn promise from the judge, that the secret should not be divulged until after the decease of the narrator, he declared, "*that he himself had killed the deceased!*"—That on the morning of the eventful day, going into his field, he found that the deceased, who was a tythe-collector, had made what he considered an unjust exaction; words ensued, and the deceased struck him with the handle of his fork—he seized it, and, in the struggle, the fork entered his body, and he expired on the spot. He left him; and shortly after, the man who was tried for the act, went into the field, and finding the deceased in that situation, raised him up, and by that means his clothes became bloody. Finding him dead, and fearful of being brought into trouble, he left him, and, in his hurry, took away the fork belonging to the deceased, and left his own. He went immediately home, changed his clothes, and concealed them in the bed. All this corresponded with the evidence on the trial. The real perpetrator of the act, knowing that the situation of this man's affairs would not suffer by his imprisonment, took every means to alleviate his confinement, supported him and his family, and, at considerable expense, procured himself to be appointed on the jury. He had, however, taken the precaution, to make a declaration before a magistrate of the circumstances of the case, provided any accident should occur, prior to the trial; and

he was resolved, that should a conviction take place, he would immediately attest the truth, and abide the consequences.

The secret was kept for fifteen years, and on the decease of the juror was published by the surviving judge.

Could there possibly be a more glaring proof of guilt, than in the above instance. In the case of the unfortunate Mary, no evidence of half the presumption was adduced; but her LIFE was sacrificed to operate as an "EXAMPLE!" From such examples, may the state of Pennsylvania be long preserved.

M. F.

## The Indian Tribes.

### THEIR DEPLORABLE CONDITION.

Now that tranquility reigns in our borders, and our prosperous and happy country is enjoying all the luxury resulting from the fruition of such a state, it is not amongst the least pleasing events that are happening, to witness the sympathy which is excited towards the Indians on our territory. It may be, that to their seclusion from our society is to be attributed, in good part, the slowness with which we have approached to an investigation of their state. The arrearage of claims they have on our liberality and justice must, in proportion as this examination advances, produce correspondent resolutions to make their condition better.

It is natural for us to feel most for a sufferer when we witness his pains—when we see his agony; and, as the scene of suffering recedes from our view, to contemplate it with apathy and indifference. The Indian tribes are out of sight. The wilderness is their home; snow, frost, and the elements, their companions. We have heard, it is true, how dreary is the condition of the larger portion of them; but perhaps we have not indulged those feelings which a closer inspection of their state must necessarily have inspired.

The cause of the Indians is now brought immediately before us. We perceive the lights of civilisation and christianity twinkling in the solitudes of the desert; and it is pleasing to indulge the belief, that the day must at last come, when our Indians will form a portion of our great "American family of freemen," participating in the enjoyment of rights, civil and religious, analogous to ours; when the darkness of the wilderness will be lighted up by a general blaze of illumination. And who is there amongst us but de-

rives additional pleasure from the extension of the circle that embraces human happiness.

The consequences involved in the civilisation of our Indians are certainly important, whether they be viewed in relation to them, or ourselves:—humanity, justice, and the ties which originate in human feelings, and which will bind all who have been 'made of one blood,' in spite of ourselves, are binding us together:—for Indians are men.

A single breath of our government could cut these ignorant and helpless beings off from a name and a place on the earth. But whose heart and head revolt not at such a thought? Rather let them repose on our charity, and be protected, by the wisdom of our legislative councils. Distinguished as our national character is for its hospitality to foreigners, it is not less so for its respect to the human rights of the descendants of the original owners of the soil. Let us never pluck that proud feather from our eagle's wing.

[The following is supposed to be written by an Indian Chief, to his people, on visiting some of our large and populous cities; and forms a humorous contrast to the preceding.—Ed.]

## The White People.

### THEIR DEPLORABLE CONDITION.

The intercourse of the whites with the Indians has been of great advantage to them. They have copied several of our arts, and in several particulars adopted our manners, especially the Ladies. Our mode of dress is adopted by the women, with some little alteration; like us, they go partly naked, but not so much as ourselves; owing, I suppose, to the rage for surrounding themselves with fantastic finery. They also paint in imitation of us, but with less taste. The women have also imitated our practice of wearing feathers in their caps, trinkets on their arms and necks, and rings in their ears. What is very curious is, that they wear none in their noses, where they can be more easily worn, and where they appear the most conspicuous. This, no doubt, is owing to a practice they have of taking snuff, or tobacco powder. A ring in the nose would be very much in the way of snuff taking. It may also be partly owing to another practice which prevails among the whites, namely, the practice of kissing, or joining mouths together. A ring in the nose would be somewhat in the way of that operation; besides, the white women, unlike our squaws, are incessant talkers, and a ring in the nose might in some degree ob-

struct the motion of the upper lip, and probably blister it by perpetual rubbing.

You will scarcely believe me, when I assure you, that the men are in a state of the most abject slavery to the women. They make the men work like beasts for them, while they are perfectly idle or only engaged in some frivolous amusement. The men wait on them like slaves; help them at table; support them as they walk in the streets; fan them like a servant boy; fetch them water; help them in and out of the carriage; and it is said that they have even gone so far as to lay their coats in a puddle for a lady to walk over on.

But what astonishes me the most, is the deplorable state of ignorance in which I find them. Very few know any thing about the art of hunting, and none pursue it for a livelihood. Strange as it may seem to you, my children, it is a fact, that white men are almost entirely ignorant of the use of the bow! I humanely purpose to establish a school for their instruction in archery. This ignorance of the useful arts, I presume, is owing to their devoting their attention to such useless labors as building fine houses, making fine clothes, tilling the earth, writing books, &c. all which is labor and time spent for unnecessary purposes. They think nothing of spending whole weeks to make a soft bed to lie on, instead of using a bear-skin. I intend to supply these destitute and unfortunate creatures with several thousand bear and buffalo skins; and on my return, shall submit to the consideration of our councils, the propriety of taking them under our protection. They will often spend the wealth which it has cost them thirty years to accumulate, merely to make a fine house to live in. Their mode of living is extravagant in every respect. Their tables are loaded with all kinds of meats and herbs; but they are either bad of themselves, or spoiled in cooking. They all seem to be very sickly; and for that reason take physic during and after dinner—when they drink physic they bow to each other, and say, “your health, sir,” which means may your physic make you well.

I will certainly do every thing in my power to ameliorate the condition of this wretched people, and have some of my warriors sent to teach them the use of the bow, and instruct them in the art of hunting, making wigwams, mockasins, &c.

We have great reason, my children, to rejoice at our situation, when we compare it to the state of these creatures. Let us be thankful to the Great Spirit who has cast our lot in a land of happiness and freedom. The Great Spirit bless you!

WALLAWASHECAH.

## Sunday Reading.

The editor cannot vouch for the following brilliant sentences being *original*...he met with them in an old manuscript book, in which are these words: “Herein are collected and written several things, and some writing composed by the penman, S. W. 1751.”

Consider what thou wert; what thou art; and what thou shalt be: also, what is within thee; what above thee; what beneath thee; what against thee; what was before thee; and what shalt be after thee. This will bring to thyself, humility; to thy neighbor, charity; to the world, contempt; and to thy God, obedience.

If thou desirest knowledge, examine the end of thy desire. Is it only, to know?—then it is curiosity. Is it because thou mayst be known?—then it is vanity. Is it, that thou mayst edify?—then it is charity. But, if because thou mayst be edified—then it is wisdom.

In thy discourse, take heed what thou speakest, and to whom thou speakest: what thou speakest, speak truly; and when thou speakest, speak wisely.

o)es(ro)esle

The following remark is very appropriate to the instance of true christian charity, related in “the Travels of Rt. Sutcliff,” which we record below in *charity* to that sect which perhaps are universally spoken of with less liberality than any other.

“Endeavor to acquire a temper of universal candor and benevolence; and learn neither to despise nor condemn any person on account of their particular modes of faith and worship; remembering always, that goodness is confined to no party, and that there are wise and worthy men among all sects of christians.”

A Quaker, who was ignorant of the Spanish language, (says Sutcliff,) had considerable business to transact at Havanna. A Roman Catholic priest voluntarily lent him every assistance, and so effectually that the priest was the means of his acquiring a large property during a short stay there. On parting with his friendly priest, he presented him with a purse of a thousand dollars, as a small compensation for his assistance: but the true catholic refused to accept of any compensation of this sort: “All I ask of you,” said he, “in return for any service I have rendered you, is, that if at any future period, you happen to meet a countryman of mine in need of assistance, you will do to him as I have done to you.”





*The following lines are not unworthy the perusal of every young lady in christendom, whether married or single, who desire to improve their own happiness or add to that of others.*

**"TO A YOUNG LADY, SHORTLY AFTER HER MARRIAGE."**

Let not my friend, tho now a wife,  
Bid all her cares adieu:  
*Comforts* there are in married life,  
And there are *crosses* too.

Tho thou hast left a parent's wing,  
Nor longer asks its care,  
It is but seldom husbands bring  
A *lighter* yoke to wear.

They have their *humors* and their *faults*,  
So mutable is man;  
*Excuse* those foibles in thy thoughts,  
And *hide* them if you can.

No anger or resentment keep,  
Whatever is amiss;  
Be reconciled *before you sleep*,  
And seal it with a kiss.

Or, if there's *cause* to reprehend,  
Do it with *kind address*:  
Remember, *he's thy dearest friend*,  
And love him ne'er the less.

Tis not the way to *scold at large*,  
Whate'er proud REASON boast;  
For those their duty best discharge,  
Who *condescend* the most.

*Mutual* attempts to serve and please,  
Each other will endear;  
Thus may you bear the yoke with ease,  
Nor discord interfere.

Thus give thy tender passions scope,  
Yet better things pursue:  
Be HEAVEN the object of thy hope,  
And LEAD HIM THITHER too!

**CHARITY AND FRIENDSHIP.**

O lead me to that peaceful cell  
Where Charity and Friendship dwell;  
Tell me within what ardent mind,  
These noble passions are consign'd.

Can they be found in one who's curst  
With hoarded stores of sordid dust,  
Who never listens to the poor,  
But sends them empty from his door?

Ah, no! tis where Compassion's glow  
Thrills the warm breast for others' woe—  
In him who 'xtends, at Misery's call,  
His hand, and freely offers all. EVELINA.

**SONNET.—MELISSA.**

Her dark-brown tresses negligently flow,  
In curls luxuriant, to her bending waist;  
Her *darker* brows, in perfect order plac'd,  
Guard her bright eyes, that mildly beam below.

The Roman elegance her nose displays,  
Her cheeks, soft blushing, emulate the rose,  
Her witching smiles the orient pearls disclose,  
And o'er her lips the dew of Hybla strays.

Her liberal mind the gentler virtues own,  
Her chasten'd wit, instructive lore impart;  
Her lovely breast is soft Compassion's throne,  
And Honor's temple is her glowing heart.

But I, like patriarch Moses, praise and bless  
The Canaan which I never shall possess!

BENEDICT.

**FIRST-LOVE.**

How happy the season of childhood appears,  
Those hours of contentment, those smooth-gliding  
years;

When the heart knows no sorrow, disturb'd by no  
guile,

And the tear, if it trickles, is caught by a smile!

Farewell to that peace, which indifference bestows.

LOVE pierces my bosom and wounds my repose;

My passion to stifle, I'm forced to deceive,

But tho smiles mask my sorrows, they cannot re-  
lieve. EMMA.

**AN "ODD" EPITAPH.**

Here lie John and Mary Ebbon,  
Struck by lightning sent from Heaven.  
In 17 hundred 77.

13th DECEMBER, SATURDAY, 1817.

*To Correspondents.*—We are extremely sorry that "DRAMATICUS" withheld his communication until so late in the week, as to put it out of our power to insert it in this No. We hope for the future he will present his remarks as early as possible. We have lately neglected returning our thanks to our literary contributors; they will no doubt, consider the insertion of their favors the best acknowledgment.

### The Altar of Love.

*"Be mutual happiness their mutual aim,  
"Their hopes, their fears, their wishes, all the same!"*

### Married,

*IN THIS CITY*, by the rev. Dr. Wilson, Mr. Jno. Nisbet to Miss Mary Ann Wilson.

*By the rev. C. M. Dupuy*, Charles J. Wister, esq. to Miss Sarah Whitesides.

*At Burlington*, N. J. Job Haines to Phoebe Hancock.

*At Newtown*, P. Thomas Anderson to Rachael Bunting.

*At Baltimore*, Godfrey Steward to Elizabeth Watts.

*At Washington City*, Peter Roux to Rosa M. Julien; Robert Fulton to Ann M. O'Brien; John Hughes to Maria Gardiner; Thompson F. Mason to Elizabeth C. Price; Joseph Pope to Mary Marshall.

*At Georgetown*, D. C. Wm. M'Kewen to Rachael Scott; Walter Stewart to Frances Comp-ton.

### Obituary.

*"Could tears revive the dead,  
"Rivers should swell our eyes!"*

### DIED,

*IN THIS CITY*, Mr. William Poyntell, merchant, in the 25th year of his age, on Monday night last. He has left a disconsolate widow and two infants, an aged mother, and numerous relatives and friends, to lament his premature dissolution.

*At New York*, on Sunday morning last, after a lingering illness, Mr. Samuel Beck, son of Paul Beck, esq. of this city.

### Ladies' Miniature Almanac.

| DECEMBER.       | SUN rises   | SUN sets     |                                 |
|-----------------|-------------|--------------|---------------------------------|
| 14 Sunday - -   | 24' after 7 | 24' before 5 | MOON<br><br>in the<br>increase. |
| 15 Monday - -   | 25' after 7 | 25' before 5 |                                 |
| 16 Tuesday - -  | 25' after 7 | 25' before 5 |                                 |
| 17 Wednesday -  | 25' after 7 | 25' before 5 |                                 |
| 18 Thursday - - | 25' after 7 | 25' before 5 |                                 |
| 19 Friday - - - | 25' after 7 | 25' before 5 |                                 |
| 20 Saturday - - | 25' after 7 | 25' before 5 |                                 |

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